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Unveiling a Memorial Tablet.

('China's Millions.')

On this page we reproduce a reduced facsimile of a memorial tablet erected in the prayer meeting room of the Mission Hall in London, in loving memory of the martyred missionaries and their children, by their fellow-workers in the Mission. This tablet is a brass plate on a rough marble slab, in

TABLET ERECTED IN MISSION HOME, LONDON, ENG.

size just over three feet square. A similar tablet has also been placed in the hall on the Mission compound in Shanghai. The prayer meeting room presented an unusual appearance on Saturday afternoon, January 18, when the friends of the Mission gathered for prayer at the usual hour. Two large blue banners, curiously inscribed with Chinese characters in white, hung one on either side of the platform, while, under the clock, on the wall to the left of the speaker, a white sheet covered the memorial tablet, which was to be unveiled during the meeting. The meeting was a large and very impressive one. Addresses were delivered by Rev. C. J. Moore and Mr. W. B. Sloan, after which the tablet was unveiled by Mr. F. M. Wood. A solemn season of prayer followed. In making a few tender, personal references to Mr. Wm. Cooper and Mr. Bagnall, Mr. Sloan called attention to the two banners, one of which bore the name of Mr. Cooper, in Chinese, and the other that of Mr. Bignall, also in Chinese. The banners were used at the funeral services held at Pao-ting Fu, in March, 1901.

How to Master the English Bible.

(James M. Gray, D.D., in 'Institute Tie.')

For the first half of my ministry I did not know my English Bible as I should, the effect of which was seen both in my own spiritual life and the character of my preaching. My heart was greatly burdened in prayer about it for more than a year, when God answered me through the lips of a Christian layman, whom I met at a Christian convention in an eastern state. His peace and joy in Christ I so much coveted as to ask him how he had obtained the blessing. He told me that it came to him through reading the epistle to the Ephesians. I asked him how he had read it.

'I was going to spend the Sabbath with my family in the country,' said the layman, 'and I carried with me a pocket copy of the epistle. In the afternoon I lay down under a tree and read it through at a single reading. My interest being awakened, I read it through again in the same way, and again, and again, as many as twelve or fifteen times; and when I arose to go into the house I was not only in possession of Ephesians, but Ephesians was in possession of me.'

I at once began the application of this simple principle to the whole Bible practically, beginning at Genesis. I did not read the Bible in course merely, but kept at each book in its chronological order until it was thus mastered before I began work in the next. I cannot tell the effect upon me—strengthening my faith in the infallibility of the Bible, enlarging my mental vision, deepening my spiritual life, and lightening the burdens of my ministry.

There were some young theological students under my care at this time, upon whom I began experimenting in this method of Bible study with similar blessed results. Then I was led of God to introduce it in several Bible institutes and training schools, including the theological seminary of my own church. Finally the popular evening Bible classes came into being, both east and west, numbering in several cases as many as a thousand members each.

The method has come to be known as the synthetic study of the Bible, which means the study of the Bible as a whole, and each book of the Bible as a whole, and as seen in its relation to the other books.

Begin to study the Bible where God began to write it, at Genesis. The rules of procedure are as follows:—

First, read the book.

Second, read it continuously, i. e., without observing its divisions into chapters and verses.

Third, read it repeatedly, i. e., until you have the consciousness of its possession in outline.

Fourth, read it independently; i. e., without the aid at first of any commentary or other Bible help.

Fifth, read it prayerfully, in reliance upon the Holy Spirit who wrote it to enlighten its pages to your understanding.

The Return of the Jews to Palestine.

(Israel Zangwill, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.')

The position of the Jews, despite superficial appearances, is now worse than it has been for centuries. Their very emancipation, where it is real, has only prepared their dissolution; for it is impossible for a small majority, devoid of the dike of the Ghetto wall, to escape being battered out of all recognition, if not altogether sucked up by the great waves of western life perpetually beating upon them. The mere industrial impossibility of keeping two Sabbaths in the week destroys the Jewish Saturday, the very pivot of their religion, while all attempts at throwing the ancient sanctity over the Sunday have been miserable failures.

But this destructive emancipation touches only a minority. More than half of the eleven million Jews in the world find themselves in Russia, and for the most part congested in the Pale, severely bruised and chafed by that planing policy by which holy Russia is to be smoothed into a religious unity. In Roumania a quarter of a million of Jews are being legislated away with remorseless defiance of the treaty of Berlin.

The one million Jews of America are free, but not socially equal. The slums of the great cities of the States have reached saturation point as regards their capacity to receive the streams of migration of starving Russians and Roumanians.

London itself begins to protest, through the British Brothers' League and a Parliamentary Inquiry, against their continued inflow. Germany, Austria, and Hungary

have their anti-Semitic parties, and France is no longer the country in whose capital it would be supremely pleasant for a Rothschild to remain as ambassador.

Looking round the world, we see to our astonishment, of all the countries inhabited by a large Jewish population, only one country free from anti-Semitism, only one country in which the Jewish inhabitants live at absolute peace with their neighbors, and that is the Ottoman Empire. In European and Asiatic Turkey no less than 450,000 Jews are already resident under the sway of the Sultan. Perhaps they get along so well with Mohammedans because of the affinity of their religious practices. For Islam is only Israel translated into Arabic.

It may be, too, that more religious tolerance prevails in the Turkish Empire than is generally acknowledged in the rest of Europe, especially since that unfortunate Armenian episode. Did not a number of Greek subjects of the Sultan — Christian students of the Geneva University—formally declare the other day that complete religious tolerance prevailed throughout the Ottoman Empire, that all religious exercises were freely permitted, and that there was no difference in the eyes of the Imperial Government between the Mohammedan and the non-Mohammedan population? And, looking back on history, do we not find the Dark Ages, the persecuting ages of Christendom, coincident with shining periods of Mohammedan culture and tolerance?

But how stands the particular portion of the Ottoman Empire to which the eyes of the Jewish people have been turned for 18 weary centuries? Palestine might have been densely populated by Turks or Arabs or Europeans; it might have been already exploited by the industrial forces of modern civilization. It might have passed into the hands of France or Germany or Russia, all of which have been trying to establish spheres of influence therein. But no; it remains at this moment an almost uninhabited, forsaken, and ruined Turkish territory.

Nevertheless, its position in the very centre of the Old World, its relation to the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, Egypt, and the Persian Gulf, point out for it a commercial and strategical future of high importance. The land is not beyond recuperation; it is ready to flow again with milk and honey; and, if treated on a great scale like Egypt, will equally repay the capital sunk in it.

The streams of Jewish migration, which are so unwelcome in other countries, would here find their natural channel, and would restore the whole country to fertility and prosperity. For these Jewish refugees are not beggars; most are artisans and some are agriculturists. The labor so necessary in new colonies is thus provided by the centrifugal force of persecution and the centripetal force of the Holy Land.

The Zionist Societies, which the Jewish refugees hasten to establish as soon as they find their feet in Cape Breton or South Africa, testify how willingly these hard-working emigrants would have gone directly to Zion. Zion is indeed much nearer to the Pale, and the journey from Odessa across the Black Sea costs only thirty shillings. If the British Government would but co-operate with the British Zionists, it might dispense with its Parliamentary Commission and keep unsullied its glorious, hospitable tradition as the Liberty Hall of the world.

But, in order that the immemorial love of the Jew for the Holy Land may lead to a reunion with it, the Jew must do more than merely plead his affection. He has the choice between marriage by capture and marriage by purchase.

The former is obviously impossible. Not even Caesar or Napoleon could marshal the warriors of the Diaspora, the rallying of whom in any and every country would be an act of aggression against its government or at least against a power with which the government was at peace; while, even if all the Christian governments cheerfully sanctioned this paradoxical Jewish crusade, its forces would be annihilated before the onset of the highly effective million of Turkish soldiers. This is even without taking into consideration that a good many Jews live under Mohammedan regimes, and that all Islam, white, black, and negroid, would rise against an attempt that would seem aimed at the Holy Places. No, the absurdity of conquest is so monstrous as scarcely to be worth mentioning.

Remains the marriage by purchase, or rather by such delicate financial operations as those which in actual modern matrimony cover up the ancient reality. Has Providence prepared the path in this direction? Is there a sufficient dearth of money in Turkey to make such a union tempting? Is there sufficient command of money in Israel to supply the necessary temptation? At this historical moment both these questions are answered by an emphatic 'Yes.'

Post Office Crusade.

Miss Birdie Divine, of Saltford, answering an appeal in the 'Messenger' for literature, to be sent to India, received the following grateful acknowledgment from Miss H. E. Dunhill, 12 South Parade, Bangalore, India:

'Thank you much, dearie, for the literature to help India. We need papers on gospel and total abstinence subjects much. Please pray that souls may be fully saved, so that victory over sin may be given to all. As I travel about these 300 millions, I see much of drink. Famine has come again in some parts. The boys and girls gathered from starvation are growing and strong. Some love God and teach of Jesus to others. One little girl has a sad mark. Her own mother, maddened by hunger, tried to roast her alive! Love to you.

'H. E. DUNHILL.'

Toronto Convention Report.

We have been asked to give the following information:—

The Report of the Student Volunteer Convention, held recently at Toronto, is being edited by Rev. H. P. Beach, M.A., the Educational Secretary of the movement. It will contain full reports of the platform addresses and condensed reports of the various section meetings. Other features are as follows: A bibliography, not extensive but select and up-to-date; a classified list of incidents and illustrations found in the Report, which may be used in addresses; and a suggested outline for missionary meetings, based on the material in the book. A complete index will make the contents of the volume easily accessible.

Although the price of the book bound in cloth is $1.50 postpaid, orders sent in immediately will be received at $1, postpaid. Friends wishing to order in advance can do so by sending a postal card to the Student Volunteer Movement, 3 West 29th Street, New York City. When the book is ready for delivery all subscribers will be notified, and they can then send the money, on receipt of which the volume will be forwarded. Persons desiring to take advantage of this reduced rate should forward their orders before June 15, for the price will be $1.50 after that date.

Giving.

(By Nataliei H. Snyder, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The average Christian is too interested in the affairs of self to give much thought to church needs and instead of making this a matter of careful thought and including in the regular expenditures the amount due the church the question is unconsidered and the church gets only those haphazard gifts that are possible after all personal wants have been supplied.

Among the words of the Saviour, unrecorded in the Gospels, St. Paul quotes these, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive' and they lose none of their force because they fall from the lips of one who sacrificed every thing of earthly importance and gave himself to spread the Gospel. But one can give only what has been received. All possessions spiritual, mental or material have come first from God, who owns all things, even the power of acquirement comes from him, and when he asks that a small fraction be returned to him the demand is not unreasonable.

To be of benefit, giving must be systematic. The majority of persons think they give more than they do, but when they measure their gifts by the rule of the tenth laid down in the Old Testament they find that they do not come up to the requirements. The value of the gift does not always decide its merit, but what it involves of sacrifice, and the manner of giving, its willingness and graciousness count for something. Martin Luther was once asked to help some cause when he had no money to give. He did not refuse assistance, but going to a drawer in which he kept a valuable and greatly prized medal presented him by Joachim, the elector of Brandenburg, he drew it out and said: 'What art thou doing here, Joachim? Dost thou not see how idle thou art? Come out and make thyself useful.' Many are hiding away Joachims which they are unwilling to part with, and when it requires an effort to give up treasures it is time to reflect seriously about the matter and begin to cultivate the grace of giving even though it may pull the heart strings more vigorously than the purse strings.

The grace of giving brings other graces in its train. When persons are generous to the church, then they will also be generous to their fellow men. By a strange contradiction the more that is given the more there is to give. When Israel neglected the tithes then disaster overtook them. It is a dangerous matter to rob God. In many cases individual prosperity can be traced to the habit of giving. Dr. Talmage says: 'I had a relative whose business seemed to be failing. Loss followed loss in perplexing rapidity. He sat down thoughtfully one day and came to the conclusion he had not been honest financially towards God, had been refusing to contribute to certain worthy objects of benevolence, and then and there took out his check book and wrote a large check for a missionary society. That was the turning point in his business. Ever since then he has been prosperous, and, from that day, aye, from that very hour, I saw the change, and he did gather a fortune.' This is not always a result of giving, and it should not be the motive, but God takes care of his own and those who try to serve him faithfully in the end will find a reward.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

YS AND GIRLS

The 'Old Mogul's' Fresh-Air Fund.

(By William Futhey Gibbons, in 'The Youth's Companion.')

It all happened through the fault of the clerks in the railway office; Mary Lizzie was sure of that. If they had not teased her, she never would have seen the president of the North Mountain Railway Company, and of course she would never have insulted him. But now she was disgraced, and was being sent, in charge of the messenger from the railway office, to Mr. Parker, the pastor of the mission church where she attended Sunday-school.

The messenger was doing his best to impress upon her that she might be thankful she was not on her way to the police-station instead. She did not believe a word he was saying, but she would have greatly preferred being sent to jail to being sent to the minister's. She did not know much about ministers, while she knew a great deal about policemen.

She would have darted away from the messenger if he had been older; but he was little more than a boy, and she knew he could catch her, and she wanted no more tales to be told to Mr. Parker.

For some minutes after the messenger had arrived with her at Mr. Parker's she cried so that, although she tried to talk, the minister had no notion what had happened. When he had dismissed the messenger and had comforted her, he asked her to begin again at the beginning and tell him everything.

'You see, it was about Mr. Wicks,' said Mary Lizzie. 'The doctor says he'll die if he don't get out of the city.'

'Yes, I know all about Mr. Wicks,' said the minister, groaning inwardly. He had exhausted both the resources and the patience of every charitable supporter of the mission on such cases as that of Mr. Wicks.

'I went out collecting for Mr. Wicks, so's he could go to the country. I was doing beautiful while I stuck to the tenements. I wish I'd never gone to the old railway offices!' she said, beginning to cry again. 'We had it all fixed up so nice! Miss Royal was going to take me in with her, and our folks was going to take the two youngest of the Wicks boys; then the oldest was going in with the Lotfish family. Of course Janet would have to go with her father to take care of him.'

The minister explained gently to Mary Lizzie that it would take a great deal more money to send even Mr. Wicks and Janet to the country than the amount she showed him tied in the corner of her handkerchief. 'But tell me what you did at the railway office,' he said.

'It was their dinner-hour, I guess, when I got there, for the men were having a daisy time. They were just mean to me, that's what they were! It was my fault, I suppose; but they egged me on, and I sassed 'em back. They wouldn't give me a cent—only one man who give me that quarter; that was the most I got. All the rest said they was just starting to Bar 'Arbor or Tucksido on their vacations. They asked me how it came I wasn't spending the summer with the Vanderbilts, and when I wouldn't answer 'em they called me the Duchess of Cady Street.'

Mary Lizzie stopped, wrapped her hands nervously in her faded skirt, and went on:

'That made me mad, and I told 'em I was no Dutcher than they was. While I was sassing 'em, they all went to work pretty quick. A little, low, fat man had come in, but I didn't see him first. When they wouldn't answer me any more, I turned to leave, and run plump into him. "Barret," he says, as sharp as could be, "what's all this mean?" "I just come in, sir," says the man. But it wasn't true, for he has one of the worst of all to tease me. "I'll tell you what,"' says I, and then I told him what I was collecting for, and they hadn't but one give anything.'

'Who was the man who came in?'

'Why, Colonel Bair.'

'You don't mean you asked Colonel Bair to contribute for Mr. Wicks!' exclaimed the minister, remembering vividly a certain experience of his own with Colonel Bair, at the end of which he found himself in the corridor of the great office building feeling that he had done a disgraceful deed in asking assistance for a sick man.

'Yes, I did; but I didn't know it was Colonel Bair when I asked him.'

'Can you remember every every word you said, and all that he said?'

'I told him that Mr. Wicks had been the driver for some rich man for a long while, and now he was sick, and the man was so mean he wouldn't help him a bit.'

'Didn't you know that Mr. Wicks was Colonel Bair's driver until he was taken sick?'

'No, was he? I thought Colonel Bair acted pretty mad! He squirmed round in his chair and said who sent me there? And I said nobody. And he said wasn't I lying, and looked at me real sharp, and I said no, I was straight. And I told him I made the plan all up myself.

'Then he said, supposing the man had good weges all these years, and hadn't saved anything, was the railway company a charity organization? And I said I didn't know what the railway company was, but the man had buried his wife, and his daughter, my age, had to keep house for him, and he was sick now for fourteen months, and the family earning next to nothing, and they couldn't help theirselves. And I told him how we was going to fix it to take care of the children so Janet and her father could go to the country, and wouldn't he please help?

'And he said, why didn't the churches 'tend to such things? And I told him about the nurse's fund and the free kindergarten, and how Dr. Cregan went to see the sick people that was too poor to pay, and all the the rest you did for the people here at the church. I told him I knowed if you could you'd send Mr. Wicks, but you just couldn't, 'cause I knowed you'd paid for Mrs. Homer yourself. I know you did, Mr. Parker, for she said she'd just bet you did.

'And he said, why didn't I ask somebody else? and I said there wasn't any use to ask the "Old Mogul." And he said, did I know who he was? and I said no. And he kind o' smiled as if he was proud to hear me say that, and said, why wasn't it no use to ask the Old Mogul? and I said everybody said he never give money to anybody. And he said didn't every body say the Old Mogul was too smart to be taken in? and I said no; they said he was too stingy. And I thought some of the men in the outside office would fall off their chairs; but nobody looked round.'

'What did he say to that?' asked the minister, smiling.

'He looked awful black, and growled out, "They do, eh? Say I'm an old skinflint, I reckon! Who said that?" And I was awful scairt, for then I knowed he was the Old Mogul. And I says, slowly, "Why, everybody says so."

'He kind o' sunk down in his chair for a minute, and then he grabbed up his pen and scratched away in a little book as if he was going to carve the paper up. Then he called out, "Barrett, look in the directory and find where the Rev. Mr. Parker lives, and take this child to him." And he tore off the letter as if he was tearing a piece of cloth,

THEN I KNOWED HE WAS THE OLD MOGUL.

and give it to me and says, "Take that to Mr. Parker, and if what you say is true, all right; but if you've been collecting money under false premises, I'll have you sent to the house of c'rection." '

As she finished her story Mary Lizzie produced the letter, much crumpled and soiled from contact with her tear-dampened handkerchief. Mr. Parker glanced at it, and then looked up in amazement.

'Don't you know what a check is?' he asked.

'Yes. I've checked packages when I was a cash at the Bee Hive. But that isn't a check.'

'Mary, Colonel Bair has put into my hands as a trustee enough to send Mr. Wicks and the whole family to the country for the whole summer, and something more besides.'

Two weeks later it was Miss Ann Royal's turn to draw her breath with a quick gasp of wonder over a letter that came to her, just as Janet Wicks had done over the same sort of letter that came to her. The minister's wife had written it, so that Miss Ann might not be humiliated by receiving what she called charity. This was the letter.

My Dear Miss Ann: Will you not allow me to reach out into our friendship far enough to offer you the enclosed? It is not my money that I am sending you; it has been hallowed already by having been given to the King, and I am only passing it on to you.

I know you need rest from the hard work which you have done so bravely for all these years. Just drop everything, and go to your old home in the country for as long a time as you can. I am not going to sign my name to this; only let me say that I am one who loves you and one who is, like yourself,

A Daughter of the King.

'It's more than you deserve, Ann Royal,' she said to herself, as she wiped her eyes. Miss Ann had lived so much alone that she often held animated conversations with herself.

'Here only last week,' she went on, 'you were grumbling because you had to work such long hours, when you know it was a blessing that the daylight lasts so long now that you needn't buy any oil. And now you are a regular aristocrat, going off for a long vacation. But, Ann Royal,' she shook herself sharply erect as she spoke, 'you wouldn't think of going off to enjoy that money all alone, would you? Go straight to Mary Lizzie Moore's and divide up with her. Let her go to the country, too.'

Mary Lizzie sat blissfully smoothing out the crisp bills which lay in her lap after Miss Ann had gone back to her own room.

'Catch me going to the country!' she said. 'Why, I'd die of lonesomeness! I'm going to get a lovely new dress, I am; one like they have in the show-window at the Bee Hive. I'm going down to the beach. I'll catch onto a different excursion every day. I'll go to the merry-go-round every night, and I'll ride all the time. And I'll go to the bicycle railway, and the crystal maze, and the roller toboggan slide. I'll have ice-cream for breakfast and for every other meal.'

'Why, Mary, I thought you were going off for a vacation!' Mr. Parker exclaimed, a week later, when Mary Lizzie, in the same faded dress she had worn on the day of her visit to Colonel Bair, came into his library.

'I did go down to Light House Point with the Third Ward Tigers on Monday,' she said.

'I think I could find you a pleasanter company than that,' Mr. Parker began.

'Oh, the crowd was all right. One of the men swum out in the surf till they thought he'd drown; and there was some men on the boat that's going to vote the other ticket, and they almost had a fight. McMullin's independent Club is going down to-morrow.'

It was evident that Mary Lizzie was not seeking advice on the question of excursions.

'Say, Mr. Parker,' she broke out, 'can't there be something done for that baby of Mrs. Fogle's?'

'Why, I thought it was well again! Hasn't Doctor Creigan been attending it?'

'It was better till the hot weather came back last week, and now it's worse'n ever. I just believe it'll die, like all the rest! It

'I SASSED 'EM BACK.'

cries 'most all the time. Monday the last thing I heard when I went down the hall was its little, weak cry. I couldn't get it out of my ears all day. I heard it all the time the orchestra was playing on the boat, and at the beach I could hear it like it was out in the waves. It's crying now. I can't have a vacation if that baby's going to die! See?

'But it ain't going to die!' she added fiercely; 'not if I can help it. I've brought you the money Miss Ann Royal give me—what's left. I wish I hadn't spent some of it. They took the dress back, 'cause I used to work in the store. There is twenty-two dollars and thirteen cents. Won't that do some good?'

'Mary, you dear girl, it will do some good! I am sure you'll get more money, if you can give like this! But you've been planning to do so many things with this money; can you give them up?'

'I recken I can give 'em up better'n the baby can. See? Besides, I've got to get that crying out of my ears, or I'll be nervous prostrated.'

Three weeks later, when Doctor Creigan and Mr. Parker were visiting the Sanitarium, as they had come to call the little colony of sick babies and children at the old Royal farmhouse, Colonel Bair's private car ran on the switch to wait for the passing of a freight-train. Mr. Parker persuaded him to come up to the porch, where it was cooler, and to see the crowd of convalescent children. He took but languid interest, however, until Mr. Parker asked him whether he had ever made a better investment.

'What have I to do with this?' he asked.

'Not everything, but the principal subscription is yours.'

'How's that? I thought I gave that money to the girl for my man Wicks.'

'So you did, and the doctor and I gave him one hundred and fifty dollars of it at once, to come up here and camp out. They are on that high ground. He sent back fifty dollars because they didn't need so much. We gave that to Ann Royal, a woman who was working herself to death in the city, to come back where she was born for a rest. She divided her gift with the same little girl who came to see you. The girl gave practically all her share to get the first of these sick babies out of the heat of the tenement. We took some other money that was given us afterwards to buy milk, ice and other supplies. We are paying the Wicks family, who rented the farm, and paying Miss Ann Royal, too, for the work they do in caring for these children out of the other hundred you gave for Wicks.'

'You don't mean that you have supported a family, given a poor woman a vacation, and brought all this mob of young ones out here on that two hundred and fifty dollars?'

'That and a very little more.'

'Mr. Parker, you ought to have been a railway man. If I had got hold of you before you went to preaching, I could have trained you so there wouldn't have been a sharper superintendent in the State.'

'The doctor had as much to do with it as I had, and the girl had more to do with getting it started than either of us.'

'Where is that little hustler of a girl who got the money in the first place? Isn't she going to have any of the fun? I call that shabby! Bring her up here and make some sort of place for her. I don't know but I'll have to make a railway man of her. But anyway, we'll establish a vacation fund, and you may call it for the Old Mogul, if you like. Only keep the farmhouse filled with babies all summer long, and have that girl here to help take care of them. There's that freight whistling.'

'Tis Time You Began to Care.

They are dying by millions! yes, millions!
All over the world's wide lands,
In Africa, India and China.
Can you sit with idle hands?

They grope for a light in their darkness;
They call on their gods for aid;
There is no one to tell them of Jesus
And the sinner's debt which He paid.

None did I say? 'Twas an error;
For God has a few lights there!
But when it's not three in a million,
'Tis time you began to care.

—'Missionary News.'

Newsdealers.

Most newsdealers sell 'World Wide.' If your dealer does not handle it, it is probable that we have not got his address. A post-card giving his name and address would be much appreciated by the publishers. John Dougall & Son., Montreal.

Stony Ground.

(W. Rye Leigh, in 'The Methodist Recorder.')

(Continued.)

David Middleton was perplexed. It was a new experience to him. He had never done any 'slumming' and, to tell the truth, he did not want to. It was a frightfully low neighborhood, reeking with drink-shops and of a most unenviable reputation. The city policemen paraded the district in couples and even then were often set upon and ill-used. Besides, he had no desire to carry home some malignant disease to his wife and daughters. He never thought of personal risk, for he was a big man with a big heart and he had welcomed adventures in his youthful days, before love and care had come into his life, but now—well, his duty was to his family.

'And to God,' whispered his friend. 'To God and his little ones!'

'What do they call you, lassie, and where do you live?' he asked, thus admonished.

'They call me Victoria,' answered the child, 'an' I wish they'd been drowned afore they gave me't; an' we live i' Nicholson's court, back of there,' indicating the dark street with a wave of her hand. 'Oh, ye needn't be frightened 'at anybody'll touch ye,' as she saw David's doubtful look, 'ye'll be all correct along o' me.'

David looked his youthful protectress up and down with an amused expression and then asked:

'You're sure your sister is very ill, and really wants to see a parson?'

'As sure as I stand 'ere, if it wor to be t' last word 'at ever I spoke,' replied the child emphatically, but without enthusiasm.

'Well, come along, then; I will spare a few minutes,' said David.

Without a word the child turned up the dark street, and for some minutes David walked by her side in silence. Then, as he felt an unusual nervousness stealing over him, he turned to his companion and asked:—

'What made them call you Victoria?'

'Dunno, unless they was drunk,' was the answer. 'I'll bet they was, 'cos they ommust allus are. T' kids about 'ere call me "Yer majesty" an' "Yer 'ighness." Ye'll see t' palace we live in in a minute. I wisn it wa' me 'at was goin' to die, that I do!'

The child's tone was hard and bitter, but her language was not what David Middleton expected from a gutter child, nor was her accent as coarse as that of many whose station in life was much higher, but his only conclusion was that the schoolmaster was abroad even in these vile slums. It did not occur to him that the schoolmaster must be in the child as well as in the school, and that a potentially fine plant may be nurtured in foul soil.

'You will not always think like this,' he said. 'God may mean you to live to do his work.'

The girl shook her head.

'Dunno nothink about no God,' she said. 'Ther's nob'dy bothers wi' that i' this district. This way!'

She turned abruptly to the right and led her companion along a narrow arched passage between the houses. It was pitch dark, and as David stumbled along he nearly fell over some animal that ran across his path.

'Rats!' ejaculated Victoria, and passed on unmoved.

It was a relief when they emerged into an open court whose outlines were made dimly visible by a solitary gas-lamp which jutted out from the side of one of the houses. Before David had time to more than glance swiftly round, however, his companion pulled his coat.

'Mind where ye're goin'. T' flags is all anyway i' this yard, an' ye must hold on to t' rails goin' down t' steps.'

The child was right. The flags were loose and broken and badly in need of relaying. Here and there great pools of water had formed in their hollows, and the guide's injunction was wise and timely.

David picked his way carefully along until the child stopped at the head of some steps that led down to what was obviously a cellar dwelling. She had reached her home.

'This is t' place,' she snapped, with sardonic humor. 'Old on a bit, there's a bloke comin' up.'

David held on. The child little knew how he was holding on. Holding on with all the strength of his faith to the strong arm of his God, for he felt just then as weak and nervous as a child.

It was a young man who came running up the steps, and at the sight of David he stopped.

'Are you the clergyman?' he asked, and without waiting for an answer he continued: 'The child's very anxious to see you. She's perfectly sensible now and you needn't be afraid of harming her. She'll die about midnight,' he added, lowering his voice to a whisper, for the parish doctor's assistant was a gentleman and he had observed the girl. 'Beastly night, isn't it? Good-bye,' and away went the doctor and David heard him begin to whistle a lively tune as he turned down the passage. His work was finished; David's was to begin.

He followed Victoria down the steps, holding carefully on to the rail as she had instructed him and stood at length in the home which the child had designated 'the place.' What a sight it was that met his gaze.

You who live in comfortable homes, with pleasant rooms and soft carpets and bright lights; who draw your curtains across the windows and your easy chairs up to the cheerful blaze upon the hearth; who tuck your little ones into their warm beds and tread softly lest you disturb their light slumbers—look upon this other home where your brothers and sisters live and look upon it with pity and thankfulness, too, David Middleton did.

As a preacher he was familiar with quotations and one came to his mind which he paraphrased thus: 'But for the grace of God David Middleton might have lived here,' and bad trade and bad debts retired into the background of trifles. God was teaching the teacher. This is what he saw.

A low square room, with a stone floor as uneven and almost as damp as the flagged courtyard above. Bare walls of brick, dirty-white, with an irregular dado of damp extending some four feet from the floor and encircling the room—a dado on which feathery, fungus-like excrescences made a pattern. Above, a ceiling which, as to three-fourths its area, showed nothing but thin laths, whilst the remainder held a thin plaster, itself threatening to drop at any moment.

A stone sink stood beneath the window and a cupboard, evidently home-made and of rough, unfinished boards, leaned unsteadily in one corner. It had never been painted, and its black and greasy condition made David shiver. He suspected that food was kept within it. A round deal table, almost as dirty as the cupboard, occupied the middle of the room, and for seats there were a three-legged stool and an arm-chair, which was short of an arm and was supported at one corner by an old soap-box—Victoria could have explained for what purpose the broken leg had been used. There was also a bed, which I will describe presently—that was all.

To David Middleton's surprise there was a fairly good fire in the gray and dilapidated grate, and it was by its light rather than by that of the smoking candle that he was enabled to inspect the room and its inmates.

There were three of these—a man and woman and the sick child. The man sat in the chair with his legs stretched out upon the hearth. His bleared eyes and swollen face told their own sad tale of drink and passion. He wore the rough corduroy trousers of the street-laborer, with a short jacket that had once been black and was now green, and thick, heavy boots. On his head was a cap of a kind of velvet corduroy, with ear-protectors tied over the top, and he had a red scarf about his neck. In his mouth was a pipe, the bowl of which was turned downwards, and on David's entrance he merely nodded and said: 'Ow do!' and went on smoking.

David was surprised to find him there, and so was the man's wife.

The latter turned from the fire at the sound of footsteps, and stood revealed in the firelight as a woman of about forty. She was a big, well-made woman, with a hard face, strikingly like Victoria's, but with drink stamped on every feature of it. Her boots were of cloth, but the soles had for the most part little connection with the uppers, and were not much better than sandals. As for her dress, it was that of the women of her class—the class that drinks when it can, and works when it must, and mends—never.

She repelled David more than the man did, and the tone in which she addressed him confirmed his instinctive repugnance.

'Eh, Aw'm glad ye've comed, sir!' she whined; 't' lass 'as fair been frettin' on 'erself to death for ye to come. Shoo's vary bad, is t' lass,' and the woman wiped her eyes with the sleeve of her dress—'t' doctor says she shoo'll noan last till morn.'

The woman manifested no delicacy with regard to her child's feelings. Delicacy in her had died long before.

'Mother! mother!' said a feeble voice from one corner; 'tell 'im to come 'ere.'

David's eye had already noted the bed and its occupant, and without vouchsafing any reply to the woman he stepped across the room.

An old packing-case, like that in which merchants pack their piece-goods for shipment, and which had doubtless been procured from one of the big warehouses hard by, lay on its side in the far corner by the mantelpiece. It was of large dimensions and extended fully half way into the room. A layer of straw on the top served as bedding, and another layer inside the case, the open end of which faced into the room, evidently provided a second bed. Here, ordinarily, the children slept, but Jinny had been lifted on to the upper bed—lifted there to die.

(To be continued.)

When the 'Coming Man' appears he will not have a cigar in his mouth, nor between his first and second fingers.

The Connecticut Woman's Story.

(By Mrs. O. W. Scott, in 'Union Signal.')

'Yes, it's true. It makes me believe that when women put their strength together and mean business they can bring something to pass.'

'Won't you tell us the whole story, Aunt Judith? You only said the saloon was closed. I'm sure the ladies will like to hear about it.' And yet as she spoke Katherine Vance glanced with some doubt towards Mrs. Van Dusen, whose aggressive style of speech and pronounced Roman nose had advertised her as a woman of ideas.

Her companion was a silent little lady who crocheted fleecy shawls out of white wools, and besides these there were two society women with worn-out nerves who usually sat rocking on the piazza, which looked out over a bit of wild New Hampshire scenery. That gray August morning none of them could venture beyond the roof's shelter, for the clouds hung so low that any moment might see them pierced by the rocky peaks of old Moose mountain.

Happily for Katherine's peace of mind, Mrs. Van Dusen's deep voice responded, 'Yes, tell a story if you have one, but don't be surprised if we go to sleep. That's our first duty.'

Mrs. Judith Pierce looked round doubtfully. 'I'm no story-teller,' she said. 'But my niece, Katherine, stayed with me a while down in Pontocook,—that's in Connecticut —and she got quite interested in our temperance work down there, so she wanted to know how we got rid of the saloon next to our church.'

'Let us have the story,' said Mrs. Harcourt, one of the New York ladies, with a patronizing air. 'These gray days are dreadful for one's nerves, and even a temperance lecture' —she finished the sentence by elevating her eyebrows and smiling toward her friend, who bowed to indicate her gracious toleration.

Mrs. Pierce was not stupid, and her face flushed; but after a moment's hesitation she began in a story-telling voice:

'There were three wise men called county commissioners, appointed to look after the saloon business in our county. If there were folks in any town who wanted to keep out some special saloon, they could enter a protest and have a hearin' before the commissioners. Both sides could appear, you see, on a set day. Well, our Union women found out that a new saloon was to be opened next to the Methodist church on the one side, and the room where the boys' club met on the other.'

'Excuse me,' interrupted Mrs. Harcourt, 'but do women have those dreadful "unions" in your state?'

'Labor unions she means,' explained Mrs. Van Dusen's deep voice.

'Why, no!' Katherine's aunt spoke with a gasp. 'I mean the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I supposed every——'

'Oh!' Mrs. Harcourt nodded vaguely, 'go on, please.'

'Well, the members of our Union and the church officials got the business men near by to join, and they had what you might call a three-fold protest, and appointed their attorneys. I mean those that would speak for 'em,' and she turned toward the New York ladies as if she thought they required footnotes.

'We all went down to the office where the hearin' was to be early one mornin'. The three commissioners sat behind a long table On their right was a railin' and behind it stood some business men, the saloon supporters, newspaper reporters and so on. In front and at the left was our minister, us women, and Father De Bracque, the Catholic priest, who had a protest of his own to communicate. One of the commissioners asked why we had remonstrated, and our president said, "Because a saloon is a nuiance always and everywhere, but this particular one will expose the boys that come to our night school and reading room to great temptation." She made a good speech, Mrs. Gage did, and referred to their own children, and made 'em drop their eyes as she talked. The men said, "But this saloon is going to be a quiet, respectable place." "Quiet!" "respectable," echoes us ladies, and there was a laugh from all the men. Then they asked the church officials, "Do you think this saloon will interfere with church work?" "I do," says Mr. Hunt. "The sidewalk is narrow there, and when ladies go to church, especially in the evenin', it will be most unpleasant, if not dangerous. Our entire church membership join in this protest." Then our minister spoke. He said the town had voted license, and we must endure the saloon on the streets where they were, but to open a new one next door to a church that for fifty years had been trying to save souls and elevate the community, was an insult not only to Christianity but to good morals and decency. I tell you he gave 'em one good temperance lecture if they never heard another.'

'That should have been sufficient,' proclaimed Mrs. Van Dusen's bass voice. 'The American citizen has rights which ought to be respected.'

'That's a fact,' said Mrs. Judith Pierce, approvingly, 'but the American citizen sold his birthright to the saloon long ago. Our minister told 'em so, and they squirmed good. He drove the truth right home. He shook his right hand at 'em, pulpit fashion, as he said, "You can save our town from this disgrace; you can protect our wives and children from this pest if you will; and I want you to understand, gentlemen, that the God whom I serve both day and night will hold you responsible if a saloon is allowed to open its doors next to his house of prayer." Well the commissioners recovered themselves and said, "We call on property owners to express themselves. Mr. Thompson, do you consider this saloon a desirable neighbor?" Mr. Thompson has a large grocery store near our church. He stepped up inside of the railin' and says he, "No, sir!" "Why not?" "I think it does not carry on legitimate business. I think it lowers the value of property." "Do you think your business will be injured?" "I do," says Mr. Thompson, as firm as you please, and when they asked him in what way, he says, "I think women who have been accustomed to come for supplies in the evenin' will be likely to go to some grocery that isn't so near a saloon." But you know, Katherine, that Thompson's is the best grocery we have.'

The two New York ladies had drawn their chairs nearer, for in the Connecticut woman's quaint narrative and dramatic presentation of characters they had found a new sensation. Mrs. Van Dusen, too, was still awake.

'Well,' continued the narrator, 'after one or two other business men had testified, a stranger in a plaid suit come in and tapped one of the commissioners on the arm and he went out.' The minister turned towards us women and shook his head kind of dejected, but I didn't know what he meant. Then they called on the Catholic priest. He's a slender old man with a profile such as you see on Roman money—a Belgian by birth, and he's been in our town a long time. He spoke with a beautiful brogue and says he, "I come to ask the suppression of saloons in our street. There was a time when my prayers were answered. Down that street every day come three hundred children to parochial school. They must see the saloons, they must see the liquor, they must see the sad sights and hear the profane talk. It is all bad, very bad. They should be spared from it. There is no need for these saloons. They are there for money only, and you know what that means to my people. They take the wages of the poor man away from the wife, away from the children and put them in the rumseller's pocket."'

'That's true! poor things; the laboring man that spends his money that way ought to be hung,' and Mrs. Van Dusen rubbed her eyes and Roman nose vigorously.

Then quiet Katherine spoke. 'There is room for a difference of opinion as to which party should hang,' said she.

'But I don't belong to either of the "parties," so you don't catch me there. I'm an Independent,' retorted the self-convicted woman-politician. Katherine and her aunt laughed, but the New York ladies begged to know what was the effect of the priest's pleading, which led again to the story.

'I wish I could recall all he said, but I remember he looked like an accusing spirit as he bent toward the three men—whose faces were red enough by that time,—and says he, "And what are these rum-sellers? I could wish they were lame or blind or unable to work; but no! Every one is strong, able to earn a decent living. Oh! why will some of my own flock engage in this too terrible business? They know I have pleaded with them, they know my teachings, and you know how I have lived among them. I would die for my people!" Well, ladies, I for one felt that he meant it,—every word. For a minute he stood with his head lifted and then he remembered where he was and says, in a depressed tone, "I can do nothing more. I therefore appeal to you who have the power to refuse these licenses, for the sake of the mother, the wife and the child." Well, then the commissioners called for the defence to answer these objections, and Conners himself, the man that was going to open the saloon, shuffled to the railing. "I don't seem to have anybody to speak for me, so I'll speak for myself," says he.'

'What could the man say?' interposed Mrs. Harcourt, with mild indignation.

'Well, they said to him, "What kind of a place do you expect to keep?" "Oh, a nice, respectable, quiet place." he says. "Are you going to have it open Sundays, and have any disturbance on week nights?" "No; it'll be a quiet, orderly place; you can bet your life on that."

'They asked him a few more questions, and told him that would do. We women went out, and as soon as we could we asked the men what they thought. We thought Conners had no case at all. "But," says our minister, "you saw the man in a plaid suit?" "Yes," we said. "Well, they tell me he's bought the commissioners. If they grant these licenses we can be pretty sure of it. Otherwise our side must win." "There's one thing left for us women," says I to our president; "if the saloon next to our church is opened we can pray every time we pass by that God will shut it up. I'll do it for one."' "So will I;" "So will I," said the others, and then we went home. Next day the paper stated that the licenses had been granted!'

'What an outrage upon the rights of

American citizens!' exclaimed Mrs. Van Dusen in her deepest tones.

'Why, Aunt Judith!' said Katherine.

'Yes, but you just wait,' continued Mrs. Pierce. 'None of our Union women forgot their promise. I went past that saloon on an average probably four times a week, and always remembered; couldn't forget it if I tried. Well, twice towards the last, when I was passing after prayer meeting I heard such a moanin' and groanin' as couldn't be explained, and no light inside neither. Our minister heard it, too, one night. To make a long story short, in less than six months the saloon was shut and "To rent" was nailed onto the door.'

'How did you account for it?' asked Mrs. Van Dusen.

'Why, it was in answer to prayer,' was the reply, and the narrator looked more than surprised. 'Didn't I make it clear? I asked Mr. Thompson, our grocer, how he explained it, and he said, "It's queer, but Conners couldn't get the boys there, though he tried his best. Most of his customers were those that couldn't get trusted anywhere else. Then his wife took sick, and his little boy died—that was a dreadful blow to Conners." When Thompson said that I knew what the moanin' and groanin' had meant, "Then," says he, "Conners himself got rheumatism so he could hardly move, and he had to give up. It's made lots of talk on the street, for everybody knew what a 'set to' we had down to the office." I says to him, "He's been prayed out, that's what ails Conners," and Thompson sort of nodded as he tied up my coffee, as if he'd suspected something of the sort.'

Mrs. Van Dusen gave a sniff of unbelief or disapproval.

'There's a chance for an argument on that point,' said she.

'Not so far as I'm concerned,' returned Mrs. Judith Pierce, and the little 'companion' smiled approvingly over the meshes of white wool growing under her busy fingers.

'I've never happened to hear a narrative which explained any such effort on the part of the people, and it is very interesting. I'm sure it seems praiseworthy on their part and as if it ought to be encouraged,' said Mrs. Harcourt, so vaguely, so evidently without knowledge of the vast subject that the Connecticut woman drew a long sigh out of sheer pity.

But the younger lady from New York leaned toward her eagerly.

'Then you really think that the great God heard your petitions and closed that saloon himself?'

'Why, certainly! What else could he do? I believe he calls upon us to do our utmost, and then what we cannot do he "finishes in righteousness."' said Mrs. Pierce.

'It's very queer; I can't understand how you can venture so far,' was the puzzled answer.

Mrs. Van Dusen's judicial face turned full upon her as she inquired aggressively:

'Why doesn't he close up all the bad places, then? Tell me that.'

'Because we don't do our part,' was the quick reply. 'When Christian men and women do all they can by law and gospel he will finish the work and we can get out our timbrels and start the song of victory.'

There was a little silence, and Katherine Vance whispered, 'Aunt Judith, I had no idea that half a dozen women could have such different view points. I wouldn't have asked for the story if I had known.'

'That's all right,' said her aunt serenely; 'it does people good to exchange views.'

Katherine nodded, for she noticed that the four boarders appeared to be in a brown study.

To the Dandelion

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou are more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by.
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid-June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white Ely's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways;
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind; of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
Where birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

—James Russell Lowell.

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To-Day.

Sunday.—Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.—Isaiah xxvi., 23.

Monday.

Wherever truth abides
Sweet peace is there;
If we but love and serve the Lord
Our heaven is everywhere.
—Miss Fletcher.

Tuesday.—I could not live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God.—George Eliot.

Wednesday.

I know not what may yet unfold
Beyond the morning's gates of gold,
This is my heaven, Thy hand to hold,
My life, my light.
—Lucy Larcom.

Thursday.—To be patient under a heavy cross is no small praise; to be contented is more; but to be cheerful is the highest pitch of Christian fortitude.—Bishop Hall.

Friday.

For him is the 'New Name' written
Who safe through the furnace passed;
To him that overcometh
The glory comes at last.
Clouds and storm on the foothills,
Light on the mountain's rim—
Brave with the faith that fails not,
Thus should we follow Him.
—Rosetta Lunt Sutton.

Saturday.—You needn't pack up any worries. You can get them anywhere as you go along.—Mrs. Whitney.

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The Open Door—'The Nation,' New York.
Motives to Imperial Federation—By Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, U.S.N., in 'The International Monthly.' Unabridged.
The Italians in Africa—By H. G. Archer, in 'Navy and Army.'
Work of a Russian Woman—'Revue des Deux Mondes,' Paris.
Christ's Hospital: Old and New—'The Graphic.' Condensed.
Mr. Balfour on Commercial Education.
Slaves of the Oar—Abridged from 'Macmillan's Magazine.
Hospitality in Mexico—Correspondence of the Boston 'Herald.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Old Masters in Russia.
Some Sensations in the Art World—By A. Wallace Meyers, in 'Chambers's Journal.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

To Daffodils—By Robert Herrick.
Lullaby Song—From 'The Pleasant Comedie of Patient Grisill.'
An End: Sir Walter Besant—'Academy and Literature,' London.
The Question of 'Greatness in Literature'—By W. P. Trent, Columbia University, in 'The International Monthly.'
Books and Boys—'The Critic.'
A Site in Moorlands—'The Academy,' London.

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LITTLE FOLKS

Amero, the Famine Boy.

(By Mrs. D. H. Lee, in N. Y. 'Observer.')

In the land of the brave Rajputs, the warrior race of India, lived a little boy. He was a bright, happy, affectionate child by nature and loved his father and mother, brothers and sisters as other boys do. His father was a shepherd. And Amero, for that is his name, often watched his father's sheep in the broad fields about them. To be sure, their home was but a thatched hut made of mud with floor and walls of the same. The bed was hard, his food coarse, and he had never seen a school, neither had he ever heard of the true God, for his people worshipped idols. Just outside their door was the god of stone under the tree which was the family shrine, where Amero's mother had led him since a child, with their offerings of flowers and grain, teaching him, he knew not why, to worship the cold dumb image before him. If sickness or sorrow came into the little home, then the god was supposed to be angry and must be appeased by some special gift or sacrifice.

But Amero's mother, though a heathen woman, loved her boy. Hard days came to this home as they did to all the homes of the land. The heavens became as brass and refused to give rain. The hot sun over whose face never came a cloud, baked the parched earth until all the living green became dry stubble. The sheep died, the grain of the past year was exhausted. The devoted father denied himself to feed his children. They sacrificed to the idol under the tree, still help came not. Their stock of food became less and less, until none was left. They gathered roots and every possible eatable thing, each one growing thinner and fainter. Finally one brother sickened and died, then another. An older sister, too faint to rise, slowly sank away The father soon followed, his strong frame yielding to the power of hunger and the fever of famine soon dried up the last spark of life. These only were left, Amero, his mother and a little sister.

One day a herald passed through the village, telling the suffering ones, that the king had commanded a 'bannia' (a grain merchant), in a certain centre to deal out to the starving ones parched peas and grain, but the news had come too late to many. Amero looked out of his wild hungry eyes upon his mother who no longer could rise, but what could he do, and the sister, too, so little and weak. The mother answered the enquiring gaze and said: 'My son, you can still walk, leave us and go and get food, if not for us, eat yourself and live. Go, and the gods be merciful to you.' He sadly bade them farewell and started on that long search after food. He was joined by many another starving boy and men and women, desperate with the pangs of hunger. They wandered from place to place, eating the barks of trees, seeds of grass and leaves, but growing weaker every day, until dropping down by the roadside he thought he must surely die as many were doing all about him. In his despair he was roused by a kind voice which said: 'Come with me, and a missionary lady will give you food. Come.' It was a Bible woman who had been sent out in search of starving ones. Amero raised himself from the ground, hope took possession of his heart, and new strength seemed to come into his weary wasted limbs, as he rose and followed the kind woman. She brought him with others into a large compound, where soon there was dealt out to them small quantities of bread baked like large buck-

A SPRING GIFT.

Sweet is the time of Spring,
When Nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year.

O may life's early Spring,
And morning, ere they flee,
Youth's flower and its fair blossoming
Be given, my God, to Thee!

—'Friendly Greetings.'

wheat" [illegible] how greedily they snatched the food from the [illegible] of the giver.

In a day or two the missionary lady appeared and said to Amero:

'Do you want to leave this sad country and go with these other boys to Calcutta where some missionaries will give you a home, plenty of food and clothes and send you to school?' He thought of freedom from want and suffering, and then of the bare little hut, where lay his mother and little sister so far away and he so weak. The lady continued:

'If you remain here you will die. There is no water nor food and no hope of rain for many days. Come along.' He consented and left his country, but his heart was still with the suffering mother and sister whom he was so unable to help.

After three weary days of travel, sick and faint, he reached his new home. He was in the midst of wholesome food, plenty of pure water. The refreshing bath revived him, and clean new clothes took the place of the filthy rags. He also heard of a God, a loving Father, who cared for all, but who was angry with the wicked every day. His heart still ached as he sat and thought of the dear ones starving in the homeland. Soon he became strong and well and happy in his new home. Five months later there came a new lot of starving children and women from his famine-stricken country.

Amero walked from group to group, asking them from what village had they come, longing for a word from his own home, when suddenly his eye fell upon a dirty bundle of rags in the midst of a group of other women and children. There was a wild cry of joy, as the little, weak creature from out the bundle stretched her puny arms towards him. Could it be? Had God heard? Yes. It was his sister, and soon they were locked in each other's arms and tears of joy were streaming down their faces. They mingled their tears for a while, too happy to speak. But Amero longed to know of his mother, yet feared the answer. Soon he ventured the question:

'Where is mother?'

'Mother died soon after you had gone,' she said, 'and I left her in the hut and came away with a band of other children trying to find you. I was taken with small-pox, and lay ill and weak, but some one carried me to [illegible] and from there, as soon as [illegible] enough, I went in search of you. But I got too tired and hungry, and as I came to the station hoping some one would give me food, I found a lady putting into a car a number of starving children and promising them food and a nice home. I did not know where they were going but I said to her: "I am starving, take me too," and just as the train was moving away, she snatched me into the car. But how did you come here, brother?'

Amero was heard to say to the other boys that night after prayers:

'I know this God we have heard about is the true God, for it was He who brought me here and spared my life and let me hear about him and then, five months afterwards, he brought my little sister to me. And I intend to serve this God as long as I live.' Amero, a few weeks later, asked to be baptized, saying he wished to be a Christian boy and live for God who had so wonderfully saved him.

Pray for this boy and his sister, and the many nice boys and girls like him whom God has taken from heathenism, and sent to us to train for Jesus and heaven.

Forgiving and Forgetting.

Two little girls were talking together of an injury one had recently received. 'You must forgive and forget,' said one. 'I can forgive, but I can't forget on purpose!' was the reply; 'but,' she added, in a tone of determination, 'I won't ever think about it if I can help it.'

This little girl was in the right.

Nobody can afford to be unforgiving for there is no one living who does not need God's pardon every day of his life.

But how are we to learn to forgive our enemies? First, by asking God's help to do so, with a sincere desire to obtain it. Secondly, as I said before, by thinking as little as possible about the matter. And, thirdly, never speak of the matter if you can possibly help it, and above all never try to revenge yourself. If you feel that you must in some way pay back one who has injured you, try to do so by doing him a kindness.

Never let anyone tell you what unkind thing somebody has spoken about you. 'Where there is no talebearer the strife ceaseth,' says the talebearer [illegible] If in spite of you, the will ask my friend about the [illegible] the first time I see him,' and nine times out of ten the mischief-maker will begin to draw back, and probably end with saying, 'Oh, well, perhaps he didn't say so in so many words, but I got that impression.'

Ninety-nine times in a hundred the talebearer is a liar, and the only safe way is to have nothing to do with him.—'Children's Friend.'

Nearly Ten.

When a body comes to be nearly ten,
Ah! all sorts of troubles beset her then.
At least, if the body happens to be
The eldest of all in the family,
Whose mother's at work the whole of the day;
And I'm that body, I may as well say.

There isn't a baby in all our street
Who's nearly as pretty, or half as sweet
As our little Sally! but oh dear me!
,It's strange how heavy that baby can be.
And Tommy's a wonderful boy, I know;
But sometimes that child does bother me so.

It's 'Hush-a-bye, baby,' and off she goes;
But, if I put her down, that baby knows.
And, as soon as she's fast asleep,
Then down on the floor our Tommy will creep.
And it's—'Don't wake baby, be quiet, do;'
Or—'Tommy, you'll pull that cat's tail in two.'

But, perhaps, when a body's worn out quite,
Her dear little mother will come in sight.
Then it's—'Polly, my pet, what should I do
If I hadn't a good little girl like you?'
And somehow a body feels glad just then
She's a grown-up girl of nearly ten!
—Cassell's 'Young Folks.'

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LESSON IX.—JUNE 1.

Paul at Lystra.

Acts xiv., 8-22. Commit to memory vs. 8-10. Read Acts xiv.

Golden Text.

'Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' II. Tim. ii., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 26.—Acts xiv., 8-18.
Tuesday, May 27.—Acts xiv., 19-28.
Wednesday, May 28.—Acts xvii., 22-31.
Thursday, May 29.—Rom. i., 14-23.
Friday, May 30.—II. Cor. 21-30.
Saturday May 31.—II Tim. iii., 10-17.
Sunday, June 1.—Rom. viii., 8-18.

Lesson Text.

(8) And there sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked. (9) The same heard Paul speak, who steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed, (10) Said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked. (11) And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. (12) And they called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker. (13) Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people. (14) Which when the apostles, Barnabas and Paul, heard of, they rent their clothes, and ran in among the people, crying out, (15) And saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein: (16) Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. (17) Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. (18) And with these sayings scarce restrained they the people, that they had not done sacrifice unto them. (19) And there came thither certain Jews from Antioch and Iconium, who persuaded the people, and, having stoned Paul, drew him out of the city, supposing he had been dead.

Suggestions.

On leaving Antioch in Pisidia, Paul and Barnabas went to a city at some distance where they would not be under the rulers who had connived at the persecution in Antioch. This was Iconium, a large city where there was, as in most large cities, a colony of Jews. Here they stayed and preached for some time, but the same causes brought about the same persecution, and, narrowly escaping being stoned, they again departed. (See Matthew x., 23, and Luke ix., 5). This time they went to Lystra, the chief city of Lycaonia. Lycaonia was a wild country, largely desert, and Lystra was built on one of its fertile spots. This fact gives point to Paul's reference to God's goodness in sending rain and providing man with food. People in such a country would be sure to regard 'fruitful seasons' with 'gladness' (v. 17), and would be ready to render thanks to the Ruler of Nature if they knew of Him. We find ourselves among quite new surroundings here. There seems to be no Jewish synagogue. The people are more simple and less cultivated. They still believe firmly in their heathen idols, whereas the people of larger cities were fast becoming atheists. Their favorite deity was Jupiter, to whom they had built a temple just outside the city. They had an old legend that Jupiter, the father of the gods, accompanied by Mercury, the god of eloquence, had once wandered through [illegible] from regular couple. So when they saw a miracle performed before their eyes, they jumped to the conclusion that the gods had come to earth again, and they were determined to show them proper devotion this time.

'Paul and Barnabas were the last to hear that they were about to be the centres of an idolatrous worship, but when they did hear it they, with their sensitive conceptions of the awful majesty of the one true God, were horror-stricken to an extent which a Gentile could hardly have understood. Rending their garments they sprang out with loud cries among the multitude, expostulating with them, imploring them to believe that they were but ordinary mortals like themselves, and that it was the very object of their mission to turn them from these empty idolatries to the one living and true God.' (Farrar.)

Note: verses 9, 10. This is the first miracle of healing recorded as done by St. Paul, and almost the only one. (But see Acts xx. 9, 10, 12, and xxviii. 8, 9.). Verse 12. Paul was probably not as old nor as fine looking as Barnabas (II. Cor. x., 10), his name means 'small.' He probably still showed due deference to Barnabas as the leader of the expedition, though he now did more preaching than even that 'son of exhortation.' Verse 14. They are now both called apostles. V. 19. It was Jews from the cities where the apostles had formerly preached that stirred up these people, notoriously fickle, to stone the men they had wished to worship. Paul must have thought of Stephen's martyrdom at this time. He had, in spite of being nearly killed, a rich reward for his labors in this place. Timothy of Lystra, at this time a mere lad, became his favorite companion.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., June 1.—Topic—The purpose of his coming. Matt. xviii., 11; John x., 10.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

Mon., May 26.—The abiding city. Heb. xiii., 14.
Tues., May 27.—Who are in heaven? Heb. xii., 22-24.
Wed., May 28.—Work in heaven. Rev. vii., 15.
Thu., May 29.—Peace in heaven. Rev. vii., 16, 17.
Fri., May 30.—Joy in heaven. Ps. xvi., 11.
Sat., May 31.—Getting to heaven. Ps. lxxiii., 24.
Sun., June 1.—Topic—Pilgrim's Progress. VI. The Celestial City. Rev. xxi., 21-27.

The Sunday-School and Ethics.

'The Relation of the Sabbath school to the State' was the title given to the comprehensive address of Hon. John Carlton, of Lyndock, at the recent meeting of the Ontario Sabbath School Association in Toronto. The civilization of to-day was of a higher type than any that the world had ever known before, and that excellence was in large measure due to the religion of Jesus Christ, and the Sunday school was to be one of the strong factors in the development and perpetuation of that civilization in the years to come. The field of the teacher in the Sunday-school was, therefore, a broad and almost limitless one, as to him was given the duty of moulding the raw material out of which the citizens and voters, as well as the fathers and mothers, of the future were made. A part of his duty, therefore, was to inculcate lessons of practical character, lessons of private and public ethics that had vital connection with the welfare of the State. He should teach in favor of Sabbath observance, that great bulwark of the State, and should impress lessons of political as well as public morality. The boy in the Sunday school should be taught accountability to God in these matters, and to set his face against political evils of all kinds. The Sunday school may become, and should become, one of the strongest forces in the building up of a great nation.—From report in 'Christian Guardian.'

Temperance

Drunkenness of Other Nations.

A London corespondent says that the Belgian government has offered a prize of a thousand francs for the best picture depicting the evils of drunkenness; Denmark has passed a law securing medical attention for drunken persons at the expense of the publican who supplied the last drink; Norway prohibits the spending of more than threepence at one visit to any public-house; the little German State of Waldeck refuses to grant marriage licenses to habitual drunkards; Michigan has recently insisted on public-house frequenters carrying licenses; and the Argentine Republic has set us all an example by turning its drunkards into the streets with spades and brooms. England has yet to make up her mind how to deal with her drunkards.

Truly Accomplished.

The 'accomplished' smoker is not content with a single puff of smoke, he draws the smoke into the depths of his lungs, holds it there a moment, and then expels it through his mouth and nose. The poison is thus allowed to penetrate to every portion of the lung cavity, and, by absorption, is taken into the blood. And as he expels it, thus doubly poisoned, from his mouth, he blows it into somebody else's unwilling face. If he can make twenty people who are on a car for fresh air share this vile poison with him, he thinks he is a man. And if he can stand at the foot of the ferry boat stairs and compel a thousand people, as they pass, to inhale his exhaled smoke, he knows for certain that he is a man and a gentleman.—'Ensign.'

Secret of Failure.

The principal of a Chicago school gives this result of three years' investigation: In one school 125 boys were addicted to the cigarette habit; 25 of those confessed that they were too sleepy to study; 30 of them said they were dizzy after smoking; 22 could not write neatly because their hands trembled, and several said they felt 'shaky' when they walked. It was also shown that the cigarette habit gradually blunted the moral sensibilities of the boys, making them deceptive, secretive and untruthful, while very few of them were able to keep up with their classmates who were not addicted to the baneful habit.

How They Are Made.

Scavengers go round to saloons and barrooms, picking up stubs of cigars and raking over the contents of spittoons and rejected quids of tobacco. These are thrown into a sack and carried to the manufactory, where they are cleansed (?), ground up, sprinkled with liquor, Havana flavoring and other chemicals added, and allowed to stand till the whole mass is permeated with the flavoring. It is then rolled in its paper wrapping, and becomes the cigarette considered so dainty.

One's utter inability to comprehend the enormity of Great Britain's liquor bill was never borne in upon me as yesterday. I was making quite a new object lesson for the coming missions. A large card with ribbons of different colors to represent the expenditures in various articles such as 'Missions,' 'Education,' 'Tea,' 'Coffee,' 'Cocoa,' 'Drink,' £2,000,000, £14,000,000 £23,000,000, £152,281,725. It may surprise you when I state that after I had allowed two inches of ribbon for missions I found I would have to allow 156 inches for drink. No object lesson can possibly convey to the human mind the outrageous condition of things in this Christian land.—Mrs. Harrison Lee.

Correspondence

Collina, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl thirteen years of age, and I get your paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' at Sunday-school. I have taken it for the last five years, and enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence. I am very much interested in the continued story, 'Twenty Percent.' I go to school, and like to go. I have about a mile to walk. E. B. L.

Scotch Line, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am nine years old, and am in the third book. I have three brothers and one sister. I go to the Presbyterian church. My father has been a cheese maker for seventeen years. I like the 'Messenger' very much, especially the correspondence. My birthday is on Dcember 15. I have half a mile to go to school. I live in the country. We have great fun in winter on the ice. We had a picnic in the summer holidays HAZEL W.

Melocheville, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—We live on a large farm in the village of Melocheville. It is a very pretty place in summer. Our teacher is very nice. My studies are geography, composition, Canadian history and reading, sacred history and spelling. My favorite study is geography. E. E.

Kirkland, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger.' I have never seen a letter from Kirkland, so I thought I would write one. I have one sister and two brothers. I go to school and I like my teacher. I am in the fourth book. I have no grandmother and only one grandfather, ninety-seven years old. We live a mile from the post-office.

EVELEENA M. N. (aged 13).

Buckingham, Que.

Dear Editor,—We are very fond of the 'Messenger,' and wish it every success. The town of Buckingham is situated on the Du Lievre river, about four miles from where it empties into the Ottawa. It has about 3,000 inhabitants, four churches, two schools and numerous stores, of which 'McCallum & Lahaie' is the greatest. Which do you like long or short letters best? The woods will soon be very pretty, the grass is getting green now. There was a temperance meeting about two miles from here recently. I have not signed the pledge yet, but I am going to. HILDA F.

[We like long, interesting ones. We do not care for letters that merely say, 'I have two brothers; I go to school; I like the 'Messenger,' etc.—Editor.]

Wolfville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years, and like it very much indeed, and would like to continue it for another year. A little while ago I planted some sweet peas and nasturtiums, and they are quite tall now. My birthday is on April 10, and my mother and father are both dead. CAROLINE L. G.

Egmondville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter, as I have not written before. I am ten years old, and my birthday is on Nov. 28. I have one sister and two brothers. My brother and I both go to the day school, and I am in the third book. We had a few holidays at Easter, and I went to the country to the sugar bush. We live in a village and as we are near to the church we all go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and my teacher is a very nice lady. I like her very much. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school every Sunday, and we all like it very much. H. M.

Keward, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am in the senior third book. Our teacher is Miss Frost from Owen Sound. She is a lovely teacher. We have a little school, just about twelve children. My papa is trustee. I have two uncles that are teachers. I hope they will see my letter. I will write to them when my mamma writes. We go to church and Sunday-school at Desboro, and we get the 'Messenger' there; we get Sunday-school books, too; last Sunday we got 'Sweetest when Crushed.' and I read it all. I like to read the 'Messenger,' especially the correspondence. Our 'Messenger' goes to my uncles. Our minister's name is Mr. Nelson, he came from Ottawa last winter. He is a good minister. We are getting our church painted and fixed up, it will be re-opened next Sunday. My birthday is on December 27. I wish it had been on Christmas Day.

MARY H. (aged 10).

Stony Creek, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have two blind brothers, one is a piano tuner and the other is in Halifax, N.S., going to school. When I go to school I have about two and a half miles to walk. One night over a year ago I was coming home from school alone, and I met a young bear, but I did not know at the time what it was. But when I came home I told mamma what it looked like, and she said it was a young bear. A short time afterwards papa saw an old bear and a little bear about a quarter of a mile from the place where I saw the little one. We live in the country, about three miles from the Petitcodiac river. Yesterday afternoon there was a deer passed through our field a short way from the house. A. E. U.

[I am glad the bear didn't make his supper off you.—Editor.]

Wallbridge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My birthday is on July 12. I have one brother and two sisters. I have a cat named Tip, and a dog Bruno. My father is a farmer. I go to school and I am in the fourth book. My school-teacher's name is Mr. Ross, and my Sunday-school teacher's name is Mr. Leslie. I am eleven years old. BLANCHE H.

Fergus, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I like the letters from the boys and girls. My brother Stanley has a pet hen, he made a nest for her in a cheese box; he sets her on the nest every morning, and she lays a big egg. When she clucks he is going to give her a setting of her own eggs. We have a lovely white hyacinth in bloom. Mamma says that it is just like us; when we die our bodies will be laid in the earth just like that worthless-looking bulb was, but our souls shall rise pure and spotless like that lovely flower. I love flowers.

LLOYD MAC.

Lachute, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy of thirteen. I live on a farm. We have many cattle and three horses. I saw one letter from Lachute, so I thought I would write one. I must thank you for your nice Bible for four new subscribers. My birthday is on February 12 K. C. S.

Rosemond Farm,
Leeds, N.D.

Dear Editor,—We moved from Ontario to Leeds, N.D., nearly six years ago. We have lived on a farm for five years, and like it very much. We call our farm 'Rosemond Farm,' for when we came out to it the hill our house is built on was covered with wild roses. I have a pony and saddle to ride in the summer, and my dog draws me on my sled in the winter. I go to school and am in the fifth reader. We live one mile and a half from the school-house. We just have school six months out of the year. I study at home in the winter. I wonder if any boy has the difficulty I have. I stand highest in all my studies but arithmetic, and I can't get that through my head. There are a lot of sloughs in our pasture, and I skate on them in the winter, sail on my raft in the spring, and bathe in them in the summer. I trap gophers after school, and papa gives me one cent a tail. I killed one hundred and thirty last summer. We had a terrible storm not long ago. Papa said it was the worst storm he had ever seen in North Dakota, and he has been here about ten years. A lot of people and cattle froze to death. KIRKBRIDE R.

[You write a very nice letter.—Editor.]

Emsdale, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday it is fine, and I always know my lessons. I do not go to school yet but I am going in a week or two. I am in the second royal reader, and in the third grade. I have two miles to walk to school. Papa got his fingers badly hurt March 10, and our baby has got bronchitis, but she is a little better. My birthday is on March 24.

MAGGIE E. K.

Pittston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I write you a letter of thanks for that lovely Bagster Bible. I received last mail day; it is nicer than I expected it would be. I intend starting to Sunday-school next Sunday, so I just got my Bible in time. Mother bought me a Book of Praise for a Christmas box last year. I go to the Presbyterian church. My father is a farmer. I have no brothers nor sisters. My auntie lives with us. I have two dogs and a pretty colt, Molly. W. A. M. (aged 9).

[For the 'Messenger.

A RAT STORY.

A gentleman once crossing the hills of Rossshire, Scotland, relates the following story:—

After travelling for many hours and in the heat of a warm day in June, wearied and worn out, I sat down on a stone close to a small stream and began to think of bygone days—when my attention was arrested by some white object that was slowly moving towards me. When tolerably near I discovered that it was a large white and blind rat holding on to a straw wherewith other two ordinary colored rats were leading it to the water. After drinking from the brook they began to retrace their steps when my curiosity got the mastery of me and I rushed forward to examine the creature and satisfy myself as to its blindness. It was even so—old, blind and feeble, yet cared for by two worthy benefactors. Who would have thought that rats, carniverous and greedy, would manifest such tender feelings towards their aged sires. Before then I was strongly prejudiced against the rat tribe, but since then feel inclined to think that even where least expected there may be some good.

REV. M. A. McKENZIE.
Cape Breton.

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Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Mother's Resting.

I'm sorry, now, I gave so very little thought
To all the helpful lessons which my patient mother taught.
Now older grown, and she has gone, I often long to tell
Her how they all come back to me, each one remembered well.
For in the work and cares of life that come from day to day,
I find I stop to ask myself, 'What was my mother's way?'

There never seemed to be with her a drudgery of life,
She got along so quietly with all its cares and strife;
She always sang about her work, and 'mid perplexing things
The farmhouse walls re-echoed, 'Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.'
I never hear old 'Amsterdam' but that I think how oft
It bore my mother's soul from earth to unseen things aloft.

When sitting in her rocking-chair, her lap with mending piled,
She used to say: 'I want to rest; now read a psalm, my child.'
I learned by heart about 'the hills,' and lifting up my eyes,'
Those pastures green and 'waters still' the Shepherd's love supplies,
And all about 'Abiding 'neath the shadow of His wing,'
For God our refuge is our strength, I read in everything.

Sometimes I hurried through the psalm, taking but little heed,
And then her thanks, so kindly said, encouraged me to read
Some of the words that Jesus spoke, for that was mother's way,
To read from psalms and gospels both upon the busiest day;
For at such times she needed a much longer rest, and so,
While but a child, I learned the favor'd passages to know.

These precious words of quiet come to my own soul, now I
A busy woman, full of work, my daily duties ply.
I sing her hymns when fretted with ceaseless rounds of care,
I repeat the psalms and Gospels when in my sewing chair.
I wonder if she knows it, and how glad I am each day,
That my mother's way of resting was such a helpful way.

—'Congregationalist.'

A Thought for Mothers.

In nearly every neighborhood or Sabbath-school class there are some one or two little ones who either are motherless or have no home instruction. Who are so lonely and unhappy as they. An invitation occasionally extended to them to join your own children would prove a blessing, an opportunity for influence of a sacred nature, and a thorough heart-warming for all the children. Glance back into your own childhood and see if the memories of kindly words and sympathetic, tender tones are not to-day the richest jewels you possess. It is not the things we give to children, but the loving atmosphere about them that forms the quality of our future men and women. The possibilities wrapped within one little hour for a child, who can estimate?—From 'Sunday Afternoons for the children.'

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